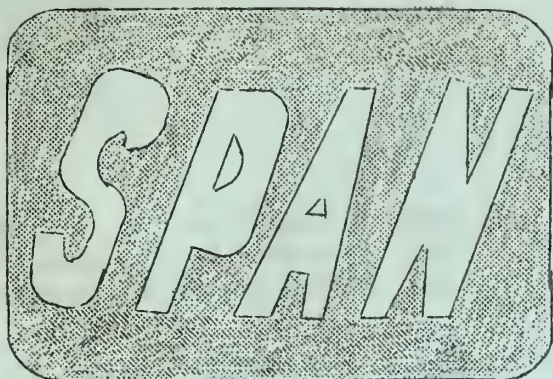


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## SPORTS PATER AND NEWS

Volume 9, No. 93, January 4, 1945

## BIRTHDAYS FROM JAN. 7 THRU JAN. 13

Edith A. Anderson; Edward C. Collier;  
T. Coleman Farrell\*; Howard M. Freder-  
ickson; Ray L. Garcia, Jr.\*; J. Sidney  
Gutman\*; Lillian N. Hankemeyer; Cecil  
R. Hill\*; Herbert A. Ide\*; Elbert E.  
Karns; Margaret R. Kealty; Glen E.  
Keefer; Howard W. Kelley\*; Arthur  
Koert; W. Bernard Loving\*; Joseph H.  
McCombs; Louis Burton McConaghy\*;  
Odessa C. Morrison; Catherine O.  
Pollard; Elmer J. Poss\*; Virginia A.  
Reck; John A. Thompson; Robert Welty;  
Harold A. Whittle; Gertrude W. Will-  
helmy.

\*Military furlough

## TEN OR MORE YEARS GOVERNMENT SERVICE

Robert L. Creager\*, 14 yrs.  
(4 yrs. 10 mos. in REA)  
James R. Frazer, 13 yrs. 9-1/3 mos.  
(8 yrs. 4 1/2 mos. in REA)  
Glen E. Keefer, 10 yrs.  
(7 yrs. 2 mos. in REA)  
W. Bernard Loving, 11 yrs. 1 1/2 mos.  
(3 yrs. 8 mos. in REA)

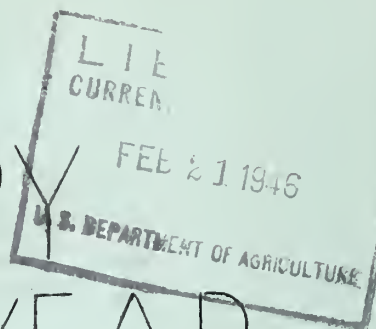
## UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS, INC.

The following is an excerpt of a  
letter received from the USO: This  
letter comes to thank you for the  
Christmas gifts which you brought to  
the center on Saturday in the name of  
the Rural Electrification Adm. We  
appreciate knowing that you thought  
of us and that you had a real part  
in making the holiday season enjoyable  
for our service men.

The spirit exhibited by your group  
is greatly needed in order to carry  
on our work successfully. Both your  
thoughtfulness and your generosity  
will be long remembered.

## BOWLING STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost	Percent	Average	High Game	High Set
Raters	27	12	.692	707	889	2382
Radars	26	13	.667	661	796	2324
Solicitors	24	15	.615	736	838	2390
Kilo-ettes	21	18	.538	635	776	2276
Operators	20	19	.513	670	772	2215
Managettes	20	19	.513	615	699	2050
Administrators	19	20	.487	702	809	2330
Five Aces	19	20	.487	690	808	2225
Buralettes	17	22	.436	645	822	2339
Five Deuces	16	23	.410	642	856	2245
Sweater Girls	14	25	.359	632	796	2237
Terry's Pirates	12	27	.308	613	770	2146

HAPPY  
NEW YEAR

He dreamt that he dwelt on anisle of cracked  
Ice

In the midst of a lake of champagne,  
Where bloomed the mint juleps in meadows of  
green

And showers of lithia rain.

He reclined on a sofa of lager beer foam,  
With a pillow of froth for his head,  
And the spray from a fountain of sparkling  
gin fizz

Descended like dew on his bed.

From far-away mountains of crystalline ice,  
Came zephyrs refreshing and cool,  
Wafting the incense of sweet muscatel  
That sparkled in many a pool.

His senses were soothed by the amorous sound  
Of a brooklet of pousse-cafe,  
That rippled along over pebbles of snow  
To a river of absinthe frappe.

Ah, soothing the sound of that tinkling glass,  
For the lake in his stomach was deep.  
He dreamt that he lapped up a highball or two  
And languidly floated to sleep.

And then he awoke, on a bed full of rocks,  
With a bolster as hard as a brick,  
With a wrench in his back, a rack in his head,  
And a stomach detestably sick.

He had sand in his eyes, and grit in his mouth  
Where the taste of the night before clung,  
And he felt a bath towel shoved down his  
throat,  
Which later he found out was his tongue.

He searched for the thread of the evening  
before,

In the maze of his mystified brain,  
From the depths of his soul there came the  
old vow,

"I'm sticking to coffee at Thompsons."

P.S. - They were all there!

AS OF JANUARY 6, 1945



# DIDJAKNOW THAT

'Twas parties, parties and then more parties. The Apple Polishing Diviz got off to a flying start with a festive affair at the Crystal Lake C.C. where they broke their fast with real steaks and that is the basis for the tale now goin' the rounds that they had prior info on the invalidation of those little red numbers - they weren't going to be caught napping (that is - not out of office hours). One damosel reports (and with raised eyebrows) that it was what one might call a most "osculatory" eve but how she fared she neglected to relate. The cynosure of all eyes were those Casanovas. With "Cassie" No. 1 'tis not a thing apart but just his whole existence and when he begins to fling forth those tender tenor notes 'twould be well for the bonnie lassies to scam to their bowers for beneath that melting tenderness can be detected as an alluring and seductive strain as was ever piped by the satyric Mr. Pan. "Cassie" No. 2 was celebrating his Graduation Exercises from the Wolf Class of the ICS and though lacking some of the perfection, refinement and elegance of delivery so predominant with "Cassie" No. 1 his work wasn't to be sneezed at and he seems to have done a right. Dev Killion at long last learned to jitter-bug but it laid him low and he has been on s.l. ever since but the real high moment of the eve was J. Cobb's masterful rendition of an intimate ode to Mr. Woolworth's paint job. He is now being boomed to take over H. Wilcox's job on the F. McGee program but so far hasn't figured out how he can compare those moments in which one cavorts over a highly waxed surface with those in which one can feel so secure embedded in nice wet paint. By this time Pop Gerth was becoming distraught and wondered just how far his little promoters would promote and so thought it time to call in S. Claus and everyone laughed and laughed on account of they knew there wasn't any - or did they? AND IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, LOU KALLEMEIER IS HOME! Then the D&C Diviz came thru with a veddy, veddy proper afternoon party at the Jefferson. 'Twas so proper that even the children were invited so everyone had a chance to show off his or her offspring or springs and Grandpa Thaxton did a sweet job with the one and only grandson - went 'round beaming like a cherubim minus his halo but intact every other way. B. Woehler who swears he never went near the punch bowl nearly fell out the window looking longingly at a neighboring church on account of its been so long since he saw one but the fun really began when S. Claus Bigelow started to give. It was nip and tuck for both hands when he started to dive into the jolly old sack for a wee giftee and at the same time rescue those gay but slippery red jobs which must have been made by J. Asher's own special tailor, Omar The Tent Maker, and was his face red and there were moments when everyone else's was, too. But

a good time was had by all and no casualties have been reported to date. AND HAVE YOU HEARD THAT LOU KALLEMEIER ARRIVED HOME? R. Dougie in one of his more expansive moments decided to give his little helpmates a real party and appointed J. Markland and V. Manovill to carry on - they did. For days and days they went on a still hunt for shrimps and went so far as to declare they were in the tavern business so they could get 'em wholesale but from then on 'twas easy. All they had to do was disrobe bushels and bushels of the little pink dears and hoist them on tooth picks. When the great day arrived the usually fearless and intrepid warrior of Personnel felt a mighty fear that the ambrosia might turn two faced on them and that some of those femmes might get out of line and would you believe it he yelled for help - and such help. Yup, J. "Gildersleeve" Salisbury, Jr., J(aunty) Tierhey and B.(oy)W.(onder)himself, but they turned out to be "eat and run" guests on account of J. "Gildersleeve" had so much (quote, unquote and underscored) work to do that he had to gallup right back and took J(aunty) to help - to do what one wouldn't know but the tale goes that they were seen rushing from the Rathskellar with that gleam in their eyes which usually denotes another thought wave on p.w.p. - oh, yes 'twas given in the Rathskellar which only goes to prove 'tis always well to know someone who knows someone who knows someone who knows the very best people. AND LOU KALLEMEIER ARRIVED HOME WITH HIS TRAIN ONLY TEN MINUTES LATE ON XMAS DAY. Then there was the gay and colorful luncheon given by the Fax and Figgers gals. What decorations - a gay snow-man with his hat at a very New Year's angle and one of those hard-to-get numbers protruding from his ripe red lips stood guard over the crimson candles which adorned the red draped table. And such viands, such viands - Ruth Kerley's Mom whipped up a mess of potato salad which made one forget there were such things as calories and all hopes of the stream lined figger went blithely out the window. Everything in abundance with platters of cold cuts, fruit, pickles, condiments along with big fat fluffy rolls and (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

## BOWLING (CONTINUED)

### MEN

High Average	- Bullock,	163
High Game	- Adams,	245
High Set	- Adams,	580

### WOMEN

High Average	- Kallemeier,	149
High Game	- Goergens,	209
High Set	- Kallemeier,	505



and those donuts which Ma Perkins, Clara Morris and Minnie Claggett whipped up were something to dream about - even the holes were good. 'Twas really Christmas in the Harem with Robbie gracing the head of the table like a benignant Rajah - he brung the pickles. AND FOR THE INFO OF ALL THE FEMMES, LOU KALLEMEIER ARRIVED HOME SAFE, SOUND AND RIGHT SIDE UP WITH CARE. If COD had a party they kept it a deep dark secret like some of the rest of their goin's on or maybe no one could remember what happened or mayhaps 'twas like another very lovely Christmas Eve party where someone, it must have been the neighborhood Air Raid Warden with his dates mixed, pulled a black-out and now on one will admit what happened. Finance must have been another Diviz with nothing to celebrate although Pop Vardy had plenty. Mom Vardy, who has been on a long vacation in the East, rushed home to do the dusting and wash all the left over dishes before Sonny Boy arrived for the holidays. The only reports from that theatre of war, though, are that J. Andring did a reading of the mind of a project bookkeeper upon the arrival in his or her domain of one of Fin's T.W.'s and D. Coffield realized his heart's desire when Santa left in his stocking a nice, new shiny needle with which he can really go to town now when he and Mary Zugel get together in chasing those little ladders up or down the gals' "oh! that-they-were-Nylons". But the party to end all parties (or should) was the one dreamed up by those dreamers of dreams Alta Brown and Bea Bohannon (At'sa'right, she's joined the Lucy Stoners). 'Twas a grand little get-together on N.Y. E. and some of our very best people were there and havin' much fun - the W.W. Walters, of the Fin Walters, Hubert and Mrs. Wales and their little dotter; Wesley and Estelle (nee Burke) Giles making their first appearance since they said "I Do", nice Mr. and Mrs. Chesser, R. Miller with six feet of something to write home about and thereby hangs a tale of the awful green-eyed monster, a lot of gals one didn't know but they were ogling G(roucho) Dillon who was busy ogling someone else who was ogling someone else; Rosa Torbeck with the tallest soldier since Sgt. York; Vi Schmidt with her pretty smile; "Cassie" Mills-period; that old fox J. Ausen with pretty Loretta; that nice Perc Johnston who was so helpful; D. Wagner with her hair down and J. Tierney with his hair; "Gardenia" Gilmore (better known as GeeGee) with F. Clausen and they had with them the cutest little fellow and everyone thought at first it was Happy New Year but it turned out to be that other little mischief maker who runs 'round in a three-cornered snuggy and oh, so many that one can't remember - just can't remember. But you should have seen La Brown and La Bohannon looking very distingue like a breath from the old Avenue. That was only the come-on. Soon, arrayed in aprons, they could be seen flinging 'round the soda pop and ice cubes like that maid of long ago who stooped to conquer via the village tap room. Ooh, la, la, la those aprons were really the piece de resistance - same color, markings and size and from there on in you can use your own imagination - words fail us, believe it or not. Those little pinafores were equipped with the most capacious (and could also be described as rapacious) pockets upon which was emblazoned in letters of blood "T I P S ". Said they it was for their pet charity - maybe, but betcha it's first person singular, objective case and any old mood. "B. B. B." Neal came along to say Happy New Year but before he had a chance to say BOO someone had him under the mistletoe and from then on the A&L party lost even honorable

mention as far as osculation was concerned. Then there was that nice Mr. Sugg who came along for the ride but he said a lot of nice things about the little journal. And should perchance this issue - come to his attention 'twould be most appreciated if he would put it in writing so it could be sent to REA's Ace Reporter who looks askance, with jaundiced eye and right down his nose at such a scandalous sheet but did adore that ghastly number which read like Godey's Lady Book of some weeks ago. It's taken a long time to get 'round to that but after due consideration the retort pleasant is the same as that which the gallant Commander at Bastogne sent in reply to the German ultimatum... AND WARRIOR KALLEMEIER RETURNED FROM THE WARS. Charioteers Mack, Ryan and Horn say THANKS A LOT and that REAers are pretty swell peoples....we like us, too. Mercedes Dunn, Secretary of Mom Middleton's V-ettes thanks everyone in REA who so cheerfully contributed by buying a chance on the War Bond which the girls were selling to help them put over the fine work they are doing. The money was used to help them defray their expenses in a tour of the camps to entertain our wounded soldiers who had to spend their holidays in the hospital. All over and above their expenses was used for gifts to cheer the lads and the V-ettes say THANKS A MILLION but it should be to them that one says THANKS A MILLION AND MORE. Word comes through that Francine Smith took a trip to the altar and is no longer Francine Smith....it's Mrs. Smith now but of what Smiths was not disclosed. Santa brought a nine pound grandson to George Lewis. Vera Staley leaving us to join her sailor husband stationed in Texas.

WANTED--Two bedroom house or apartment unfurnished. Wade M. Edmunds.

LOST--Dec. 26, Green Parker Fountain Pen. Isabel B. McFadden, Room 851.

SPAN is published by the REA Athletic Association for employees of REA; F. Speh, Editor, S. Norton, Associate Editor; Signed contributions are welcome and should be sent to F. Speh, Room 1050.



